



Bickham junr, inv. et sculp.

THE
RIVAL MILLINERS:
OR, THE
Humours of COVENT GARDEN.

A Tragi-Comi-Operatic-Pastoral

F A R C E.

As it is Acted at the

NEW THEATRE
IN THE
HAY-MARKET.

Written by Mr. D R U R Y.

The SECOND EDITION.

Valcat quantum valere potest.

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. SPAVAN, next to the *Feathers-Tavern*, over against St. Clement's-Church in the Strand.

M·DCC·XXXVII.

Price Six-pence.

THE
RIVAL MILLINERS:

OR, THE

WOMAN OF GOVERNMENT GARDEN.

A Tragic-Comic-Operatic-Farce.

F A R C E.

NEW CASTLE

H A T T

W R I T T E N

BY

WILLIAM GARRAUD



L O N D O N :

Printed for G. SAVAN, next to the Theatre,
over against Covent-Garden in the

M DCCCXXXII.

Printed by



THE PREFACE.



HE prefixing a Preface to a Piece of so insignificant a Nature, as a Ballad Farce, may possibly make a Man seem much sonder of unprofitable scribbling, than I would willingly be thought ; but as I find myself under a Necessity to acquaint the Publick with the Treatment I have met with, from some Persons in a publick Capacity, I flatter myself that this Method will be look'd upon, as the most effectual for perpetrating my Design, and clear me from being thought infected with an unnecessary *Cacoethes Scribendi* ; especially as these worthy Wights have some of the Daily Papers in Salary, so that nothing can appear to the Publick concerning them, till licens'd by the Authority of the Inspector General of *Drury-Lane* Playhouse ; and I have so much to say in their Praise, that their known Modesty would compel them to suppress it.

I shall decline saying any thing in Vindication of the Piece ; my Friends have been pleas'd to give a Candid Opinion of it, and the few times that it has been represented, if I may guess from the Behaviour of the Spectators, gave me no Reason to fear it suffered any thing in its Reputation. The Actors were Young — But what they wanted in Experience, they made sufficient amends for, in the Spirit and Vivacity, which (without Exception of a single Character) carried them thro' the whole, and might be no small Inducement, to the Audience, to receive the Performance in so kind a manner.

Tho' the Town are the only Judges of what they like, and the real Reward and Punishment of both good and bad Authors, yet there are certain Despotick Gentlemen call'd Managers, that take upon them to determine for the Town ; and as they look upon themselves as the Channels thro' which all Dramatick Performances must be convey'd to their Supporters, they take Care to loose no Opportunity of shewing the Particularity of their Taste. For my Part, I have been treated in so kind, so genteel, so generous a Manner by two of them, that I should do a manifest injury to both their Reputations, should I neglect to acquaint the Publick how much a Gentleman of Honour the one is, and how free from Conceit and Vanity the other. Scandalous insinuations to the contrary may have been published, which lays a Compulsion upon me to declare what I know, in Vindication of so much Worth. The World are severe Judges, and much more so upon Men's Understandings than their Characters ; especially as they can, with more impunity, express their Sentiments of the former than the latter. I confess that this Farce received the Approbation of Mr. *Theophilus Cibber*, and was, so long ago as the last Summer was a Year, to have been brought out under his Direction at *Drury-Lane* : But it seems the
superior

superior Power sent out his interdiction to prevent his Proceedings, recall'd his Commission, and, as all Competitors were decamp'd, it was thought a long Vacation, a Time of Peace, and the Temple of *Janus* order'd to be shut up, till the ensuing Winter the Campaign was to be open'd under the personal Direction of the Great *Imperator*.

I apply'd then to the Opponent, who is, undoubtedly, a Man of vast Penetration, and is very famous for Agility of Heel and Solidity of Head. His Understanding is unquestioned, since, thro' the Course of a long Administration, he has acted with the Subtilty of a *Mazarine*, when possess'd of the Power of a Grand Seignior: He inform'd me he had with a great deal of Pleasure read over the Farce; that he must object to the Length of it; but Faults of that Nature People of Taste frequently fall into: For Example, (to use his own modest Words) 'I, Sir, in the Composure of that extraordinary Entertainment of *Perseus* and *Andromeda*, was so hurry'd away by my Fancy, that lulling the Audience to sleep, and then waking them by Surprise, then lulling them to sleep, and then waking them again, (notwithstanding I play'd nothing before it but the *Country House*) I kept them in good Humour till after Eleven o' Clock.' I own, some People might have accused him of Vanity in that Particular; but I was thoroughly convinc'd it was only a kind and modest Excuse for me. But if that was a Fault, he has sufficiently amended it; for in the Multiplicity of Pantomimes he has since exhibited, not one can be said to owe any Part of its good or ill Success to its Length,

However, he informed me that there were some little Errors in the following Piece, which he could direct me how to rectify, and if I would call at his House on the Morrow in the Morning, he would in a few Curfory Observations give me a Spice of his Criticism.

cism. I being very willing to let him see the Deference I paid to Men of Judgment, attended at the Place where he keeps his Levee, but the Fatigues of the preceeding Night, had laid him under a necessity of snoring out the better half of that Day, and not unlikely might have discomposed him so far, as to render him incapable, during the remainder, of Judging so clearly as at another Time. So after I had waited between three and four Hours, in the same Room with half a dozen Door-keepers and Scene-Men, having for an Amusement, a Person tuning a Spinett and Mr. P——'s last new Play open upon the Table, for the Inspection of all present; I received an Account of his Indisposition, and a request to see me another Opportunity.

That Afternoon I met this profound Gentleman at the *Bedford-Coffee-House*, where I must confess, he did not appear in a proper Condition of Judging Critically; especially without Book, as he presumed then to do. For he actually complained of Errors that are not, nor ever were in this Farce, and from his whole Behaviour; that Meeting; I was puzzled which to be angry at, the shortness of his Memory, or the Soundness of his Intellects; tho' I was almost convinced that he had never read the Farce, or at least, but between Sleeping and Waking, as he says the Town saw his *Perseus* and *Andromeda*. But the Discourse terminated with, It will not do, and a Modest Assurance, that he never had failed telling the Success of every Theatrical Entertainment, that has been Performed on the Stage, during the Course of his Management. But whether such infallible Proof of his Judgment was given, before or after such Plays were damn'd, it would have been necessary to declare: If before, the Town have been frequently obliged to him, for amusing them with so much Stuff, that he was conscious in himself they could not like. And here I must beg leave to start another

ther Question, Whether this Prescience is the result of a never Erring Judgment, or proceeds from a Spirit of Divination. I will not undertake to assert, it is from the Former, least I should bring my own Understanding in Question. And if he pretends it from the Former, this may in some Measure prove him a False Prophet.

Indeed this Boast of Fore-knowing the Success of Theatrical Events, was made before the late Act relating to *Witches* was in Force, so that he need not be under any Apprehensions of incurring the Penalty, which the Legislators have thought proper should be inflicted on Pretenders to Supernatural Gifts: And whatever he may think of himself and his Perfections, he will undoubtedly be more cautious for the Future, how he determines for the Town, before he takes their Opinion.

Notwithstanding this, I had several Attendances before I could get the Copy out of his Hands, till I one Day called at his House and finding it in Company with the before mentioned Gentleman's Play, I made bold to separate them, told the Servant what I had done, and never visited Mr. *Infallibility* more.

After this I gave over all thoughts of bringing it out under any Direction but my own, *Goodmans-Fields* was too far off from my small Acquaintance, to make me ever hope to get any thing by it. And the Grand Seignior of *Drury-Lane*, so difficult to get Access to, and withal not so ingenious in his Proceeding as I expected he should be, which made me decline all Application to either of them. As to the first I have had some dealings with him before, and have always found him act with a strict regard to honour. But the other — If Birth and Fortune create the Gentleman, he has an indisputable Title to Gentility; But if I may rely on the Words of
Old

Old *William of Wickham*, by having no regard to Manners, he has debased himself beneath the Character of a Man; or his Carriage to me must be very different from his treatment of the rest of the World. But the Authority I have quoted is too Antique to be made the Standard of Behaviour for the Present Age, the alteration of time, may possibly have changed the Fashion in the Dress of the Mind, as well as that of the Body; a presuming Insolence, a Promise made To-day and broke To-morrow, many Words spoke and no regard had to a single one, may for ought I know be the necessary Ingredients for the Completing of a fine Gentleman, for my part my Circumstances will never permit me to go to Court so that is a Place whose Customs I must of Consequence be supposed a Stranger to.

But if we may judge from the Common Rule, that Mankind are fond of Aping their Superiors, the before mentioned Person must either be a very bad Copy, or our Modern Courtiers are as far from being Polite, as they are generally thought from being subtle. But even admitting the Case to be so, I don't find that those whose Business is to ridicule the Follies of Mankind upon the Stage, have any thing to do with the Vices — or, which it will scarce be believed, they take any Notice of the Virtues of the Great behind the Curtain.

Sunt Superis Sua Jura.

But having gone thus far in general, I am obliged to conclude in particular, and as I have not yet spoke nor will speak concerning myself without a strict regard to Sincerity, I hope to find Credit for every word of the following Relation.

At the Time of the late Revolt of the Players from the Patentees, the Prompter apply'd to me in behalf of his then Master, for to write them some
little

little Farce, to let 'em try what they could do, tho' perhaps it was like a drowning Man endeavouring to support himself by a Reed) in their desperate Condition. And in about a Week's Time I made a Shift to comply with their Request, gave them the first and only Copy, when it was wrote out in Parts and delivered to the Actors and rehearsed for several Days; But Mr. *Pantomime's* Entertainment was about that time ready, the Preference given to that, and mine Post-poned, like the *Excise-Bill, Sine Die*; about this Time the Patent was transferred into the Present hands.

Whereupon I applied to the *Squire* (for that it seems is his favourite Title) who told me he had received it from the Prompter with a Recommendation, and after a Fortnight or Three-weeks Deliberation, promised to return it me, to make some Alteration which he thought necessary; but he still detaining it, and the Season advancing, made me very importunate to have it again. At last the Door of the Playhouse was thrown in my Face, and the Fellow that keeps it, with an Air incident to Office, tho' in the meanest Degree, told me there was no Admission for me. Upon this I wrote a Letter to the Gentleman-Manager, wherein I expressed my Surprise at such extraordinary Treatment; when he sent for me, promised to act the Farce, excused himself of the Ill-manners tax'd him with, by a pretence that the Fellow had Orders to keep People from behind the Scenes, but that such Order was never intended to exclude me, who by Custom immemorial he look'd upon to have the Freedom of the House.

Yet within a few Days after, I was a second time treated in the same Manner, I wrote him Letter after Letter, but could never obtain any Answer; followed him all the next Season, but to no purpose; met with him at seeing *Zara* acted at *York-Buildings*, when I intormed him how great an injury he had

b

done,

done me, told him I had opportunity of getting it performed, and desired to have it again. He appointed me a Day to call at his House for it, when he promised punctually to be in the Way, but instead thereof when I came there he was gone out of Town the Day before.

It is true, all this is of no Moment to my Reader, and it is almost an Offence to trouble him upon a Subject so inconsiderable, either as the Gentlemen before spoken of or myself. But as Actresses and Managers have raised Parties as strong and violent as City Elections some Excuse may be pleaded for me. And as there has been such a Rout made in the Daily Papers, about one's Gentility and another's Capacity, I thought the foregoing Relation might not be amiss to People better acquainted with the present Taste than I am, and make them capable of forming a truer Judgment of a certain Gentleman than they possibly could without it.

If the following Sheets is an Amusement to the Reader, and of Service to the *Bookseller*, I shall never repine that they have not been so profitable to myself as I could wish; but if they turn out the contrary, I shall have reason to be sorry that they have been prejudicial to any but myself. I have this to say, that as this is the first Trifle of its nature I ever set my Name to, it may in all possibility be the last I shall ever write. To gain shame without Money is a risque few run but indifferent Authors, among which Number, if my Reader don't think proper to alter the Epithet, I shall be proud he'll rank his humble Servant, notwithstanding many have found it as much for their profit to be at the one extrem as the other; to which Mr. *Pope* very justly observes,

*The middling Poet is by all accurst;
We only listen to the best or worst.*

P R O



PROLOGUE.

SINCE bashful Nature freely quits the Stage,
And Novelty and Folly charm the Age;
Forgive us if, in Complaisance to you,
To-Night we're out of Nature, to be New.

The Stage, when first erected, was design'd,
By great Examples, to improve Mankind;
To shew th' uncertainty of Life and State,
The Poors wrong steps and Foibles of the Great;
By Punishment the growth of Crimes to crush,
And at one stroke make Guilt and Folly blush;

But Farce and low Buffoon'ry now go down,
Figg, Song, and Whim, are all that please the Town;
Some thing that's new, extravagant, and smart,
(Provided Nature does not bear a part;)

Is sure to please --- but view the World's great stage,
What are the wise gay Coxcombs of the Age;
(From Tom above, to Dapper in the Box)

But Inconsistency and Paradox;
In Life itself we find, that one and all,
Strive only to be thought unnatural.

So we, to-Night have tun'd Heroick Strains,
To Covent-Garden Nymphs, and Temple Swains;
Made plain Mechanicks court in Rant and Rhyme,
And Heroines make Love to Tune and Time.

But if, by chance, unhappily you see,
The smallest glance of Probability;
Let that great Error pass, uncensur'd, o'er,
And in such sort wee'll ne'er offend you more;
Our Author swears what next he writes shall be
Unnatural, as you can wish to see.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Pleadwell,
Goosequill,
Fieri Facias,
Hunks,
Trim,
Staytape,
Porter,

Constable, Watchmen, Rabble, &c.

Mrs. Talbot.
Mr. Freeman.
Mr. Blastock.
Mr. Jones.
Mr. Yates.
Mr. Richards.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Plainstitch,
Sukey Ogle,
Molly Wheedle,

Mrs. Egerton.
Miss Atherton.
Miss Burgefs.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

N. B. This Farce being too long, those Lines mark'd thus ' have been sometimes left out in the Representation.

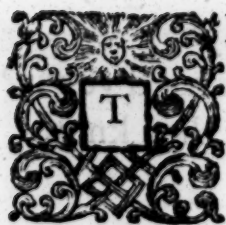


THE
RIVAL MILLINERS:
 OR THE
Humours of COVENT GARDEN.

ACT I. SCENE I.
 SCENE *Covent Garden.*

SUKEY OGLE, MOLLY WHEEDLE.

MOLLY.



THE Night is come, the happy Night,
 and I

Have all the Labours of the Day
 thrown by ;

I've laid my Cambrick in a resting
 place ;

And put my weary Needle in it's Case,
 The Thimble, which I bought at Tot'nham Fair,
 I've left at home, and here am come for Air.

B

SUKEY.

2 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

SUKEY.

Oh, *Molly Wheedle*, sure our case is hard,
To work all day, and work for no Reward;
Behind a Counter, like our Cambrick, hem'd,
We to eternal Labour are condemn'd:
And if, as sitting at our work, by chance
Our Eyes on some spruce Passer-by should glance;
An haughty angry Mistress, at whose beck
We're forc'd to be, gives us a fawcy check;
Or, senton Business, if we chance to stay,
Her Tongue reminds us of it all the Day.

MOLLY.

‘ Nay, when, at Night, with odious Work we’r
tir’d,
‘ Air is a Thing unreasonably desir’d:
‘ *York-Buildings-Stairs* unfit for Modest Faces,
‘ The *Park* and both the *Temples* filthy Places,
‘ Not one poor harmless Walk is to be found;
‘ Ev’n *Covent-Garden* is forbidden Ground!

SUKEY

‘ Could I my sad, my curst Condition change
‘ With any Seamstres of the *New-Exchange*;
‘ For they can unsuspected, cast an Eye
‘ On young spruce Gentlemen --with, what d’ye buy?
‘ Some Respite from fatiguing Work they know,
‘ In selling of a Ribband to a Beau;
‘ While we! ———
‘ Oh! ’tis a most abominable Shame
‘ Our own deplorable hard Lot to name;
‘ Not all the meerest Youngsters of the Trade
‘ Are forc’d to work so hard, or us’d so bad:
‘ There’s

The Humours of Covent Garden. 3

- ‘ There’s no one’s Fate that can with ours compare,
- ‘ In all the Streets round *Covent-Garden-Square* :
- ‘ Nay not the Hackney Mantua-making Throngs
- ‘ Fare worfe at *Paulin’s*, *Torkington’s* or *Longs*.

MOLLY.

Oh! Curst Indentures, which have Pow’r to bind,
In spite of Inclination, Woman-kind :
Send me a Husband, Heaven! for only he
Can melt the Waxen-Seal, and set me free.
Blest Marriage! wisht by us to be enjoy’d.
Thou mak’st the much more hateful Obligation void.

A I R. I. *Trip to the Laundry.*

*Joys attend the Married life,
’Tis the happy Woman’s Lot ;
And by Jove I’ll be a Wife,
If a Husband’s to be got.
Fools may say, the first Month over,
Man and Wife are Dog and Cat ;
But for one Night, with a Lover,
Molly swears she’ll venture that.*

SCENE II.

SUKEY, MOLLY, GOOSEQUILL, FIERI FACIAS.

GOOSEQUILL.

Ha, *Sukey* Ogle here, and *Molly Wheedle* !
How fare the Operators of the Needle ?
Both in the Dumps --- Plague drive away your
Sorrow,
Be gay to Night, what e’er you are to-Morrow----
Silent and Sullen still! ---- Fie what d’ye mean ?
Oh! you’re Polite and troubled with the Spleen ;

B 2

Indeed

4 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*
Indeed I thought (for which I ask your Pardon)
Saint *James's* was not ap'd by *Covent-Garden*.

MOLLY.

Sir, Do you think because that all the Day,
We're forc'd to whip and stitch the Time away ;
We can't, at the return of happy Night,
Indulge the Vapours to be thought polite.

FIERI FACIAS.

Wounds! You shall find I'm no such silly Elf,
To let you have the Ladies to your self.

GOOSEQUILL.

Well said, Friend *Fieri facias*, let 'em know,
Tho' Country bred, you never drove the Plough.

FIERI FACIAS.

Gad tho' my Qualifications are not many,
Those few, I have, I think as good as any.
Know, my dear Lass, that tutor'd in the Law,
I understand each little Quirk and Flaw :
I boast such Strength in my surprizing Head,
I've drank you Fox-hunters a Dozen dead ;
Tost Stingo off, full Flaggon after Flaggon,
Spew'd Latin out, like Fire from any Dragon ;
Made, for one Word, a brace of Blockheads fight :
Set them to Law and so got Money by't ----
So by your Leave, -----

SUKEY.

----- Hold, Sir, and not so free,
So strange an Ape won't down with me —

MOLLY.

----- Nor me.

A I R

The Humours of Covent Garden. 5

A I R. II. *Charles of Sweden.*

I.

SUKEY. ‘ *Tho’ Mankind in different Shapes,
‘ Can disguise their Passions;
‘ Some there are but Women’s Apes,
‘ Some but Apes of Fashions.*

FIERI FAC. ‘ *Women are, except a few,
‘ Apes of Folly’s making too;
‘ Mimicks of what others do,
‘ Upon all Occasions.*

II.

MOLLY. ‘ *Tom we know, by Common Rule,
‘ Imitates his Grace, Sir;
‘ While his Lordship plays the Fool,
‘ But to ape his Race Sir:*

GOOSEQU. ‘ *Betty, proud of Wanton Eye,
‘ Apes the Airs of Quality,
‘ Hoping she one time may lye,
‘ In her Lady’s Place, Sir.*

III.

FIERI FAC. ‘ *She who at a Civil Kiss,
‘ Seems to make a Pother,
‘ Won’t take something else amiss,
‘ If she apes her Mother.*

SUKEY. ‘ *Spruce Lawyers Clerks, in dressing, show
‘ Themselves as Mimicks of the Beaus;
‘ He and the Butterfly, we know,
‘ Are Apes of one another.*

FIERI-

6 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

FIERI FACIAS.

Wounds! since the Minx is faucy, let her go,
I warrant yonder Girls wont use us so.

SCENE III.

TRIM, STATAPE, SUKEY.

STAYTAPE.

O *Sukey, Sukey*, do not turn away,
Let me conjure you for a Moment stay;
Do not, unkind, contrive to treat me so,
Because I am a Lover and a Beau;
Believe me and you shall my Passion see,
As honest as a Sober Cit's can be.

SUKEY.

You gay and lively Sparks that know the Town,
When your wild Eyes are on a Seamstrefs thrown;
Wait but the time, the time too oft bewitching,
When you, at once, unravell all her Stitching.

TRIM.

Who can be false to one so fair as you?
You can command your Vassal to be true.

A I R. III. *Oh Mother Roger, with his Kisses.*

*By this Kiss, your Lips are sweeter,
Than the Damask Rose I swear;*

MOLLY. *Go thou flatt'ring, wheedling Creature,
You are but in Jest I fear;*

TRIM. *I your Equal never knew,*

MOLLY. *Don't say so, Don't say so.*

TRIM. *Rot me if I tell not true,*

MOLLY. *Lard you'll!—Lard you'll!—Let me go;
For I shall, if here I stay,
Credit every word you say.*

TRIM

The Humours of Covent Garden. 7

TRIM.

'Tis but in vain my Dear attempts to fly,
She can't escape so blest a Dog as I.

SCENE IV.

STAYTAPE, SUKEY.

SUKEY.

Oh! let me beg you'd to the *Park* repair,
And be assur'd I mean to meet you there;
From yonder *Piazza* approaches one,
If she shou'd see me with you I'm undone;
Her Tongue's so glib, no one can scape it scarce,
The most censorious in the Universe!

STAYTAPE.

Grant but a Kiss, to cheer me, and I go.

SUKEY.

There take one, Pshaw!

SCENE V.

SUKEY *alone.*

———— The Creature is so slow,
What Fool would ever countenance a Beau!
Oh! he is gone and yonder do I see,
Pleadwell, the Man, the only Man for me;
Well have I done to drive my Fopling hence,
Fools must, of Course, make room for Men of Sense.

SCENE VI.

PLEADWELL, SUKEY.

PLEADWELL.

My *Sukey* here, hence Business I remove,
Nothing shall now employ my Thoughts but Love,
My

8 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

‘ My pretty Girl, whose Industry prepares,
 ‘ The neatest Linnen that her *Pleadwell* wears;
 ‘ My eager Heart within my Breast does beat,
 ‘ To be still nearer yours whene’er we meet.

SUKEY.

Oh! could I think that you indeed were kind,
 That *Sukey Ogle* only fill’d your Mind;
 I should be blest — but oh I find too late,
 I was not born to such a Happy State.

A I R. IV. *Mary Scott.*

‘ *Too foolish Heart, too soon you prove,*
 ‘ *Mankind’s Inconstancy in Love;*
 ‘ *Had not those vows, to you he swore,*
 ‘ *Undone a Thousand Maids before?*
 ‘ *Do they not, while they all pursue,*
 ‘ *Perfwade each simple Maid they’re true?*
 ‘ *Make it their Business to deceive us,*
 ‘ *Court us to ruin but to leave us?*

PLEADWELL.

Drive these sad Thoughts away and know that I,
 Sooner than break my Vows to you would dye;
 Close in my Heart, I always keep my Fair,
 I’m not at *Westminster* but you are there,
 This Fringe which to the Ruffle you did sew,
 A *Memorandum* is, where e’er I go.
 ‘ This your own Empire, in my Heart secures,
 ‘ The Neatness tells me that the work is yours;
 Beholding this, I shall, I must be true,
 My Band obliges me to think on you.

SUKEY.

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SUKEY.

Can you believe I have so little Sense,
As to be pacify'd by this Pretence?
No, no, 'tis palpable, and I can see
These Complements were not design'd for me:
Your *Molly Wheedle's* is the happy Lot,
And wretched *Sukey Ogle* is forgot.
But I will make the haughty *Hussey* know,
She shall not always think to carry't so;
I eldest 'Prentice am, and will not be
Rivall'd by such a saucy Slut as she.

PLEADWELL.

How strangely you misconstrue all I do;
That I am pleasant with the Girl, is true,
But that's to hide the Love I have for you.

AIR V. *Lovers Litany.*

I.

PLEAD. *By those Blushes, so modest, becoming your Face,
By your new-fashion'd Coif, which you wear with a
Grace,
By all your fine Furbelows, Ribands, and Lace,
I swear I am true to my Sukey, dear Sukey,
I swear I am true to my Sukey.*

II.

SUKEY. *By the Flame you once said I could send from these Eyes,
By the Falshood you practise, yet think to disguise,
By your flattering Tongue, so well furniſh'd with Lies,
You shall not deceive your poor Sukey, poor Sukey,
You cannot deceive your poor Sukey.*

III.

PLEAD. *By the Faith I so often have plighted to you.*
SUKEY. *Which, so oft as I've heard, I have never found true.*
PLEAD. *By my Heart, which I open, expose to your View.*
SUKEY. *The Joke is so stale it no longer will do.*
PLEAD. *By all the old Oaths, and a Thousand quite new.*
SUKEY. *Tho' I know you are false, you'll persuade me you're true,
And once again ruin poor Sukey.
Ob! let me persuade you, dear Sukey, &c.*

C

SCENE

10 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

SCENE VII.

STAYTAPE *alone.*

‘ Just Observations, I have watch’d, to make,
 ‘ On what new Turn Affairs of Love will take;
 ‘ So I’ve put by my Journey, on a dark
 ‘ And needless Errand, to *St. James’s Park*.
 I fancy Madam smokes, for all my Dress,
 That tho’ I seem a Beau, I’m something less:
 ‘ Or else she’d ne’er have sent me thus away,
 ‘ To let another Suitor come in Play.
 I’m sure, tho’, ne’er so oft, they turn me over,
 There’s not one Shred the Taylor to discover.
 But if my real Shape appears in View,
 I’ll blow the Barber, make them scorn him too:
 I will not be, that’s poz, the only Failer;
 For *Trim* shall never triumph o’er the Taylor.

SCENE VIII. *Mrs. Plainstitch’s House.*

TRIM, MOLLY.

TRIM.

The beauteous Dye, which o’er your Cheeks is spread,
 Rivals the flaunting Topknot on your Head:
 Blunt is the Razor’s Edge, to that keen Dart
 Your Eyes send forth, to strike each Gazer’s Heart.
 Your snowy Breasts, the Dwelling of the Loves,
 Are whiter than the Kid which makes your Gloves:
 Your Hands, which give me many a gentle Rap,
 Far softer than a Velvet Jockey Cap:
 Then for your Waste, which comprehends my All,
 Your taper Needle is not half so small.

MOLLY.

The Bloom upon my Topknot may decay,
 And Rust may take the Razor’s Edge away;
 By frequent Use my Gloves may dirty grow,
 Nor can a Wash a second White bestow;
 So will you find the softest Velvet Cap
 Grow rough, when Time has stole away its Knap,
 The Needle break, my Beauty fade, and prove
 Indurable and brittle as your Love.

TRIM

The Humours of Covent Garden. II

TRIM.

- ‘ If no Court Airs your Sense and Reason taint,
‘ If you refrain from Ratifea and Paint,
‘ Time shall not any Thing so lasting prove,
‘ As *Molly’s* Beauty, and my ardent Love.

AIR VI. *Jockey loves his Moggy dearly.*

TRIM. *Could my fond Endeavours move you?*

MOL. *What, my Dearest, to be doing?*

TRIM. *To believe how well I love you.*

MOL. *We should make an End of Wooing.*

TRIM. *My Love never
More would waver.*

MOL. *Shall I now your Honour try?*

TRIM. *Make Probation
Of my Passion.*

MOL. *Dear Sir, stay till by and by.*

Bless me, I hear a Noise!

TRIM.

—————What’s to be done?

MOLLY.

Here, here, for once into this Closet run:
There stay till all is safe.

TRIM.

—————But are you sure
I there from Danger shall be quite secure?

MOLLY.

Aye, aye. [Puts him into the Closet.]

How can I spend my Time so much amiss,
To entertain so strange an Ape as this!
Yet, *Molly*, by your Leave, for all your canting,
His Company may serve, when better’s wanting.
Nay, he may do, should Plots elsewhere miscarry;
For he’s a Fool—the fittest Thing to marry.

112 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

AIR VII. *Soldier Laddie.*

*The Lass, who would over her Husband bear Rule,
To shew her nice Judgment, must fix on a Fool;
And 'tis Twenty to Ten but she finds him the Man,
Who'll leave her to manage her Cards as she can:
But should the dull Coxcomb a Retrograde prove,
And endeavour to stint her in Pleasure and Love;
A Gallant must supply those Assistants to Life;
And as he apes the Husband, let her act the Wife.*

SCENE IX.

PLEADWELL, SUKEY, MOLLY.

SUKEY.

Molly at Home!

MOLLY.

————— *Sukey with Pleadwell! so,*
I now begin to find how Matters go.

PLEADWELL.

Molly, How do'st?

MOLLY.

————— *I see, I see the Cheat;*
Go, *Sukey* may be fond of the Deceit.

PLEADWELL.

What do you mean?

MOLLY.

——— *You know, base Man, too well.*

PLEADWELL.

Nay, hang me like a Dog if I can tell.

SUKEY.

*' I see it plain, this hated Conference
' Proves all his Words to me, a meer Pretence.
' Yet, Sir, you might some small good Nature show,
' And not insult a wretched Woman so.*

MOLLY.

The Humours of Covent Garden. 13

MOLLY.

Deceitful,

SUKEY.

—— Perjur'd,

MOLLY.

——— Base,

SUKEY.

——— Ungrateful

Both.

——— Man.

PLEADWELL.

Zounds, hold your Tongues, if Women ever can;
True as the Sun;

SUKEY.

—— False as a Man can be.

PLEADWELL.

Faithful—

MOLLY.

—— To her perhaps, but not to me.

PLEADWELL.

What in this Case can one poor Mortal do?
The Devil scarce knows how to deal with two:
Nay *Jove* (the greatest Rake of all the Gods)
If here, would find he play'd against the Odds.

A I R VIII. *Blowfabella.*

PLEAD. *Don't, my Dearest, be so cruel,* } To Sukey
 To suspect I'm false to you. }
 To my Love, my Life, my Jewel, } To Molly
 My fond Heart is ever true, }

MOL. *Think not all these meer Pretences*
 Can your perjur'd Heart disguise.

SUK. *You shall not delude my Senses,*
 Nor can I distrust mine Eyes.

MOL. *This Usage I never will bear:*

SUK. *What Torments I undergo.*

PLEAD. *Faith, Ladies, 'tis somewhat unfair*
 To teize a poor Creature so.

MOL.

14 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

MOL. *Base Designer, Underminer,
Robber, Stabber of my Fame.*

SUK. *Cruel Evil perjur'd Devil,
I may justly say the same.*

MOL. *Han't you been all the Cause of my Pain?*

PLEAD. *Han't I pleas'd you again and again?*

SUK. *Han't you often seduc'd me to Ill?*

PLEAD. *Did I ever against your Will?*

SCENE X.

PLEADWELL, Mrs. PLAINSTITCH, MOLLY, SUKEY.

PLAINSTITCH.

*Bless me, a Man! incorrigible Jades!
What are you both for driving diff'rent Trades?
Nay, speak not, Huffsies, for 'tis plain, 'tis flat,
'Tis not the best of Work you have been at.*

PLEADWELL.

*I had too much for Man to bear before,
But my ill Stars must trouble me with more:
' Oh Persecution! Persecution! sure
' No Man three tattling Women can endure:
' Nay one, 'cause Fate the Work would fully do,
' Is able to out-talk the other two.*

PLAINSTITCH.

*A clever Fellow tho', and neatly drest;
I vow the Huffsies have a pretty Taste;
'Tis true, the Fashions they don't rightly ken,
But they judge excellently well of Men.
What do you stand unseemingly to gaze,
And stare your idle Fellow in the Face:
Out of my Sight ' I say, another Leer!
' I will have no such filthy Doings here:
' Minxes be gone.*

SCENE XI. PLEADWELL, PLAINSTITCH.

PLAINSTITCH.

——— Now, Sir, I beg to know
How you came here?

PLEADWELL.

——— The Way I mean to go;

Your

The Humours of Covent Garden. 15

Your Servant, Madam.

PLAINSTITCH.

——— Hold, I'd have you stay,
I, on this Head, have something else to say.

PLEADWELL.

' Good Gods, what Mischief have I cause to dread!
' For she undoubtedly will scold me dead.

PLAINSTITCH.

' Indeed Mankind are monstrously to blame,
' To tempt poor Girls to Infamy and Shame:
' 'Tis base and infamous, by wheedling Arts,
' Thus to ensnare poor heedless Virgins Hearts.

PLEADWELL.

Hear me, and then condemn me if you can.

PLAINSTITCH.

I mind not your Pretences, barbarous Man.

PLEADWELL.

The Way to keep her Tale from being long,
Is to confess—Madam, I own the Wrong.

PLAINSTITCH.

I know the Methods, such as you would take,
Strong you pursue, undo, and then forsake:
' A thousand Arts and Stratagems you try,
' Finish your filthy Work, then cast it by;
Like a new Piece of Holland fine and white,
Just newly bleach'd, attractive to the Sight,
You keep one Mistress till you fancy more,
And she becomes the worse for being wore:
Then when the Rage of all your Passion's gone,
She and your Shirts are both bestow'd on John.

PLEADWELL.

How long is this damn'd Clack of her's to go!
May a poor Man have leave to speak or no?

PLAINSTITCH.

A single World while I my Thoughts express,
As I, in Justice think, I can't do less,
First to inform you of the burning Shame,
In doing of a Thing so worthy Blame;

Second.

16 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

Second, the World's Reproach to bring in View;
Thirdly, the Horrors that of Course ensue;
Fourthly, the Terrors of the World to come;
Fifthly—

PLEADWELL.

— Your Chastisement—tremendous Doom!
Madam, once more I do intreat you spare
This Persecution, which I cannot bear.

PLAINSTITCH.

Nay, gentle Sir, but don't imagine I
Would all your Sex's Privilege deny:
‘ But yet, methinks, you should not fix your Care
‘ In ruining the Things you ought to spare.
If you a noble Conquest would secure,
You should address some Woman more mature:
‘ One on whose stern and awful Brow appears,
‘ The Ripeness and Discerning of her Years:
One, who the Depth of your Design, could see:
What would you say to such a one, as me?

PLEADWELL.

I like the Hint.

Oh! how my Joy begins to play its Part!
I own, dear Madam, you have touch'd my Heart.
Those Eyes, those killing Eyes—

PLAINSTITCH.

— Nay, pray be hush,
For if you talk thus—you will make me blush.

PLEADWELL.

Who can forbear? let the vain Fool, who knows
No more of Woman, than the outside Shows,
Encourage Madnefs in a youthful Fit,
And pine for some poor, little, skittish Tit:
‘ I, who have felt a much more noble Flame,
‘ Can laugh the foolish, Girl-scorn'd Wretch to
Shame.
My Passion does at higher Objects drive,
I feel the piercing Charms of Fifty-five.

AIR

The Humours of Covent Garden. 17

AIR IX. *Geminiani's Minuet.*

*Nature paints a Scene
In the Spring, of Green,
Fills with Buds and Blossoms the Boughs ;
Summer coming on,
Clearly shines the Sun,
Kindly ripen'd each Cherry grows ;
On each Bush and Tree
We with Pleasure see,
What Delights the Seasons produce ;
Autumn is the Time
When the Grapes in Prime,
Ripe, round, plump, and full of Juice.*

PLAINSTITCH.

I swear, if thus your Flattery goes on,
I shall, almost, consent to be undone.

PLEADWELL.

‘ Oh let me, now Time does my Flame approve,
‘ Do all I can, to witness how I love.

PLAINSTITCH *aside.*

‘ Can I resist? It is in vain to try,
‘ There’s something in him I can ne’er deny.

AIR X. *The Lads and Lasses, Dr. Faustus.*

PLEAD. ‘ Take me, try me, for sincerely
‘ I protest I love you dearly.
‘ Then let me press thee,
‘ Kindly to bless me :

PLAIN. ‘ Maidens must of Men beware.

PLEAD. ‘ Ob! behold my Bosom panting,
‘ Grant me what you know is wanting.

PLAIN. ‘ Cease, oh cease your cunning Canting,
‘ Or you will my Heart ensnare.

D

PLEAD.

18 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

PLEAD. ' *Don't delay my Blessing longer,
' For you'll find that I'm the stronger,
' And I will press thee,
' Force you to bless me;
' That I will—Aye I will.*
PLAIN. ' ————— *Do if you dare.*

HUNKS *Within.*

Hough—Hough

PLAINSTITCH.

————— Oh, bless us!

PLEADWELL.

————— What's the Matter now?

PLAINSTITCH.

Oh, I am ruin'd past Redemption!

PLEADWELL.

————— How?

PLAINSTITCH.

Nay, ask no Questions, but prevent my Fate;
Be swift, and get out of that Window strait.

PLEADWELL.

Madam, your good Advice I will pursue.

*[Gets out of the Window; Trim bursts out of the
Closet, and attempts to do the same, but sticks by
the Way.]*

SCENE XII.

TRIM, Mrs. PLAINSTITCH.

TRIM.

So, if my Legs will let me, I will do.

PLAINSTITCH.

Oh! ———

SCENE XIII.

HUNKS, TRIM, PLAINSTITCH.

HUNKS.

What's the Matter?

PLAINSTITCH.

———— Hide me from the Sight;

For yonder Thing's a Robber or a Spright:
Look to the Rogue.

HUNKS

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HUNKS.

——— Once more I ask the Matter.

PLAINSTITCH.

Secure the Thief: Is this a Time to chatter?
What do you gape at?—

HUNKS.

————— I am in a Fright;
Run some, and call the Monarch of the Night.
Thieves, Thieves, Thieves, Thieves, here's Thieves—

TRIM.

‘ ————— Alas, poor *Trim* !
‘ Has thy ill Stars done this, or Madam's Whim ?
‘ I can't get loose ; what now will be thy Lot ?
‘ Into a pretty Pickle thou art got :
‘ Alas ! thy Head was never made to plot. }

HUNKS and PLAINSTITCH.

Why Robbers, Murd'ers, Thieves and Villains:

SCENE XIV.

HUNKS, TRIM, CONSTABLE, WATCHMEN, PLAIN-
STITCH, SUKEY, MOLLY.

CONSTABLE.

————— Where ?

PLAINSTITCH.

Secure that bloody-minded Robber there.

MOLLY.

Bless me, my Beau !—Pray Heav'n he dont discover
That I have entertain'd him as a Lover.

CONSTABLE.

Seize on the Dog, make him, I say, secure.

TRIM.

Oh barbarous Fate ! Must I all this endure !
Thus on his Knees behold an humble Beau,
Begg that you would some little Mercy show.

HUNKS.

20, *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

HUNKS.

Zounds! to an Horse-Pond with him.

TRIM.

———— I'm afraid,
They'll spoil my Cloaths, the Taylor is unpaid;
'Pity my Fate, and be not too severe.

HUNKS.

'Sbud, What the Devil Business have you here?

'PLAINSTITCH.

'Within the Closet, silent as a Mouse,
'The Rogue was hid; 'tis plain to rob the House.

CONSTABLE.

'Bring him away — plainly the Case appears,
'I read his Guilty Conscience in his Fears.

TRIM.

Oh Woe! —

CONSTABLE.

— Come on; such puney, whining Fellows,
Such Driv'ling Dogs as you, disgrace the Gallows.

AIR II. *The Sun had loos'd his weary Teams.*

TRIM. *Yet, yet your cruel Orders stay,
Revoke a Fate so evil;
And do not let a Rope convey,
Your Darling to the Devil;
There's nothing which so much I dread,
Not e'en a painful Banging;
Nay, Marriage is not half so bad,
Gad's curse my Soul as Hanging.*

CONSTABLE.

'Tis plain the Rogue's a Thief—no more Delay,
But bring the poor disheartned Cur away.

TRIM.

If this Affair is carry'd on with Rigour,
Trim will at Tyburn — cut a Nasty Figure.

SCENE

The Humours of Covent Garden. 21

SCENE XV.

HUNKS, PLAINSTITCH. SUKEY, MOLLY.

HUNKS.

'Tis living Single, makes such Rogues, as these,
Imagine they can rob you when they please;
But would you take a Husband to your Side,
Make me a Bridegroom, and yourself a Bride;
You'd be releas'd from every trifling Pain,
And never stand in fear of Thieves again;
Then be perswaded to be free from Sorrow,
So take a Dram To-night, — and me To-morrow.

PLAINSTITCH.

It is in vain to struggle or to fly you,
There's nothing in this World I can deny you.

SCENE XVI.

SUKEY, MOLLY.

AIR XII. *I love thee by Heaven, I cannot say more.*

SUKEY. *A Spark and a Dram cure every Ill,
And Women will never forsake them;
They're better than either Ward's Drop or
his Pill,
For all Constitutions may take 'em;
They're what the sly Prude her niceness to
shew,
In Publick may furiously drive at;
But yet all the Sex will with Sukey allow,
They are special Specificks in Private.*

MOLLY.

Madam you may rejoice, for you I find,
Have got the Art to make the Templer kind;
Sure you imagine you must happy be,
In gaining Favours ne'er conferr'd on me.

SUKEY.

22 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

SUKEY.

That I convey'd him hither, is as true,
As that I brought him to be kind to you ;
But don't imagine, I'll sit tamely down,
Cry like a Babe, and my Misfortunes own ;
No, the fair Court-like Coach commanding Dame,
Cannot be more above the Sense of Shame ;
Than *Sukey Ogle*, — I'll the worst defy,
I'll Act as ill as she, and bear my Head as high.

' MOLLY.

' Of that, dear Madam who will make a Doubt,
' Whole Troops of Lovers joining in the Rout ;
' Are Witneses of your too Raging Flame,
' To Triumph like Great Ladies in your Shame.

SUKEY.

' There you and I are even, both have long
' Dwelt over Tea, upon the Gossips Tongue.

MOLLY.

Nay Madam this may be a Joy to you,
You have the Shame, but have the Pleasure too ;
While I, Support it Patience if you can,
Have half the Shame, and you have all the Man.

SUKEY.

' Do not insult me, Madam, tho' you've got,
' The greatest Prize, and I th' unhappy Lot ;
' You've mist of Lovers, when you would have
' had 'em,
' So we're upon the Par, as I think, Madam ;
' I brought the Templer hither with Design,
' For one short Minute to have made him mine ;
' But you were planted ready here to prove,
' A Bar to Wretched *Sukey Ogle's* Love :
' You and your Beau before had hither got,
' And time enough to do, you best know what,

' MOLLY.

' You have a Beau as well as I, dear Miss,
' From whom those Lips have oft received a Kiss ;
' Twixt

The Humours of Covent Garden. 23

' 'Twixt you I've seen — Oh! Stab to Wo-
mans Fame.

SUKEY.

' What you, yourself, would do,
MOLLY.

———— But blush to name.

AIR XIII. *New Pierot.*

' *What when they've been left alone,*
' *Have her Beau and Sukey done ?*

SUK. ' *O Lard Madam nothing more,*
Than pert Molly had before.

MOL. ' *T'other Night,*
' *In my Sight ;*
' *Were you not indeed to blame ?*

SUK. ' *Would not you,*
' *Be so too ;*
' *If th' Occasion was the same ?*

MOL. ' *You heave your Breast and roll your Eye,*
' *Poor heedless Hearts to win ;*

SUK. ' *The self same Arts you, Madam, try,*
' *To draw poor Creatures in ;*

MOL. ' *Too tight a deal your Stays you lace,*
' *You paint and patch your ugly Face ;*

SUK. *But don't you see,*
Of each degree,
The Women Act like me ?

SUKEY,

Say but another Word, or Right or Wrong,
And I'll pull out your Scandallizing Tongue ;
Your Cheeks shall owe their Blushes to a Slap,
I'll tear your Heart out, or I'll tear your Cap.

MOLLY.

Nay since my Lady is wound up so high,
The best thing, *Molly*, you can do's to fly.

SUKEY

24 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

SUKEY.

So she is gone, and still I keep the Field,
One way I see her Haughtiness must yield;
Love gave the Prize to her and War to me,
And I can Triumph now as well as she.

‘ A I R, XIV. *The Sun was Just Setting.*

- ‘ *If I the pert Hussy with Pleadwell should find,*
- ‘ *And he should neglect me, but to her be kind,*
- ‘ *Yet e’er I’d permit her to bear off the Prize,*
- ‘ *I’d drive her away, or I’d tear out her Eyes.*
- ‘ *In the Face of the Traitor,*
- ‘ *I’d shew my ill-nature;*
- ‘ *And make the poor Creature*
- ‘ *Beglad to get off.*
- ‘ *I never would live to be such a Slut’s scoff,*
- ‘ *If Anger for trifles a Woman can move;*
- ‘ *O how will she fire,*
- ‘ *With Rage and Desire,*
- ‘ *If Bilk’d or Bambouled in Love.*

SCENE XVII.

The Watch-House.

TRIM.

To-Morrow, when this Damn’d Unlucky-Face,
With Tears bedew’d, and Cover’d, with Disgrace, }
The Justice fees, — (Oh Lamentable Case!) }
What wilt thou say? Nothing, the very fright,
Rat me, will hinder me from speaking right;
To *Newgate* then, for want of Bail, must go,
In one poor Dog — a Barber and a Beau,
There pops my Coat for Garnish — Strike me
Dead,
My Pockets are as empty as my Head.

Then

The Humours of Covent Garden. 25

Then to the Sessions there to take my Sentence,
Which turns me to the Parson for Repentance.
To *Tyburn* then, while as I'm passing by,
Ladies dissolve in Tears; nay Butchers cry.
There must thou, to the Shame of pretty Fellows,
Sing Psalms, and make thy Exit at the Gallows.

FIERI FACIAS *within*.

Zounds give me Way, the Dog who dares resist,
Shall feel the Weight of my commanding Fist.

SCENE XVIII.

CONSTABLE, WATCH, FIERI FACIAS, GOOSE-
QUILL, TRIM, and others.

CONSTABLE.

Good Dear Sir, hold.

FIERI FACIAS.

————— No Dogs, I'll knock you down,
I'll Murder all the Watchmen in the Town.

CONSTABLE.

Help, Help, —

TRIM.

The Coast is clear, I find, and I,
To shew I sometimes an't a Fool will Fly.

SCENE XIX.

FIERI FACIAS, GOOSEQUILL.

FIERI FACIAS.

Zounds how the poor disheartned Cowards scour,
But now we've done they've left us ne'er a Whore.

GOOSEQUILL.

We'll, if you're fond of such inviting things,
Hence we'll depart, and steer our Course for *King's*.

E

FIERI

26 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

FIERI FACIAS.

Where's that?

GOOSEQUILL

—— The only Place in Town where we,
At once, may both Polite and Vulgar see ;
Lords, Ladies of the Town and Gallant Sparks,
Spruce City Prentices and Lawyers Clerks ;
By Chance 'mongst these the sober Trader thrust is,
And now and then a Countenancing Justice ;
Coachmen attacking Courtiers for their Hire,
Knights of the Post, the Pad, and of the Shire. }

FIERI FACIAS.

Good Company, well match'd, and such as I desire. }

GOOSEQUILL.

' One tosses Brandy like Cool Water up,
' Another sips and sips from Coffee Cup ;
' Here o'er Rack Punch some Jolly Boys are roar-
ing,
' There sits a Taylor, in a Corner Snoring ;
' Here a poor Poet squanders that away,
' Which should have purchas'd him a Meal next
Day ;
' Here's Swearing, Bullying, Yielding, Huffing,
Lying,
' Here's one Whore Singing and another crying ;
' Here's Fooling, Laughing, Shifting, Sinking,
Damning,
' Bilking, Bambouzeling, Bubbling, Blundring,
Bamming ;
' Here's Quarelling without design to Fight,
' In short, there's every thing that is Polite. }

FIERI FACIAS.

' 'Egad my Brother Goose is in the right.
Zounds I'm in Love with't since you tell me so,
And rot the sneaking Dog that will not go.

AIR

The Humours of Covent-Garden. 27

AIR XV. *The Man that is Drunk.*

*We'll run our own Fun, and we'll bilk all the Whores;
Fal la, la, &c.*

*Break Baudy House Windows, and thunder at Doors;
Fal la, la,*

*We'll make Mr. Constable yield to our Might,
And his Myrmidons own us the Kings of the Night;
Fa la, la, &c.*

The End of the First A C T.

4 AP 54





ACT II. SCENE I.

Mrs. PLAINSTITCH'S Shop.

SUKEY alone.

OH Jealousy! thou Bane to Woman's Rest!
 Thou cruel Traytor, nourish'd in my Breast!
 Thou, when the House did all of Sleep partake,
 Unseal'd my Eyes, and kept me wide awake:
 Or if one Dose my burthen'd Heart reliev'd,
 I dreamt, soon wak'd, and found myself deceiv'd:
 I dreamt a Moment of ten thousand Charms;
 But wak'd, and found the Pillow in my Arms.
 ' Not the gay City Dame, when Spark should
 come,
 ' Could be more vex'd, if Husband stay'd at Home.
 ' But 'tis, indeed, unhappy Woman's Fate,
 ' Too soon too love grow conscious oft' too late.

AIR XVI. *Farewell, my bonny, witty, &c.*

' *The youthful Virgin, like the Rose or Violet blooming,*
 '*Is sweet as budding Spring, as rip'ning Summer gay.*
 ' *And Men will be like Bees about the Flower humming,*
 '*Till they have left their Sting and stole her Sweets*
 away.
 '*The Lilly when it's Beauty's gone,*
 '*Away are all the fading Remnants thrown,*
 '*The Mistress cast, neglected, on the Town:*
 '*The easy, yielding Maid,*
 '*To Sense of Folly and to Shame betray'd.*

SCENE

The Humours of Covent Garden. 29

SCENE II. PORTER, SUKEY.

PORTER.

Miss *Sukey*, as this Morn I op'd the Shop,
I, from the Shutters, saw this Letter drop.

SUKEY.

I thank you, *Thomas*.

SCENE III.

SUKEY *alone*.

From *Pleadwell*, happy Stars, the very Name
Gives my Soul Life, and sets me in a Flame.

[*Reads*] Dear SUKEY,

Our last Night's Disappointment cannot be
To you so grating, as it is to me :
But Thought has reach'd a Minute, which may
 prove
Much more successful to my ardent Love :
Impatient of your coming all, the Day,
At Chambers, will your luckless Lover stay :
There, if she will, may charming *Sukey* be
Regal'd with *Pleadwell* and a Dish of Tea.

Thus let me all my idle Fears destroy,
And welcome thus the Messenger of Joy.

[*Kisses the Letter*.]

AIR XVII. *King's-Arms*.

Oh ! How my Heart is a leaping and skipping,
And bounding, as if from its Seat to come out :
My Head is grown dizzy, my Heels are a tripping,
And all my five Senses are put to the Rout ;
 Such over Measure,
 Of Pleasure dear Pleasure ;
Comes pouring upon me, my Cares to destroy,
 Oh ! my Tongue falters,
 My Blood its Course alters ;
And all things about me partake of the Joy.

SCENE

30 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

SCENE IV.

Mrs. PLAINSTITCH, MOLLY, SUKEY.

PLAINSTITCH.

Here *Molly*.

MOLLY.

————— Madam.

PLAINSTITCH.

————— This new Pattern take,
And pay my low Respects to Madam *Freak*,
I would myself — but you know what to say,
'Tis in *Cheapside* — be quick and don't delay;

MOLLY *aside*.

But thank my Stars the Temple's in the Way. }

SCENE V.

PLAINSTITCH, SUKEY.

PLAINSTITCH.

A Paper in her Hands!

SUKEY.

————— My Mistress here !

PLAINSTITCH.

Let's see that Paper you're secreting there,

SUKEY.

' Madam ?

PLAINSTITCH.

————— ' What have you there.

SUKEY.

————— ' Nothing,

PLAINSTITCH,

————— ' I see.

' A Letter Housewife, therefore give it me ---

' A Lye so ready ! — this is Mrs. *Smirk*,

' The Way you spend your Time and never work ;

[*Takes the Letter from her.*

' I

The Humours of Covent Garden. 31

I School'd your Idle Fellow Yesterday,
But find my sound Instruction thrown away ;
I'll not this Opportunity neglect,
Once more I'll try my well meant Words Effect.
To him I'll go while yet the Affair is rife,
Mind you your Work, and stir not for your Life.

SCENE VI.

SUKEY *alone.*

Unkind to me the Night has past away,
And must this Cruelty attend the Day.

AIR XVIII. *Sally in our Alley.*

- ' Shall Molly with brisk Gallants roam,
- ' And Dance and Glance and Wheedle,
- ' While in the Dumps I sit at home,
- To Exercise the Needle ?
- ' Shall I, confin'd, Conform my Mind,
- ' To tedious Work and Reading ?
- ' If not for better things design'd,
- ' I am not worth my Breeding,

II.

- ' Shall Betty and pert Sally boast,
- ' How all the men adore 'em ;
- ' While I'm neglected tho' a Toast
- ' Proclaim'd some Months before 'em ;
- ' Have they new Arts for wounding Hearts,
- ' That thus their Power grows stronger ;
- ' We're I allow'd to shew my Parts,
- ' Their Reign should last no longer.

Hence Paultry Work ; the thoughts of *Pleadwell's*
Joy,

Shall now my every Faculty employ ;
Let Mistress scold, says *Sukey*, for so long,
I've heard the Cursed Discord of her Tongue ;
Fami-

32 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

Familiarity with that and me
Have almost taught us kindly to agree :
I'll to the Templer's take my happy Flight,
In all her Words and all her Powers Despight ;
She shall not always think to curb me so,
Tho' Earth, and Heaven, and Hell oppose, I'll go.

A I R XIX. *Thomas I cannot.*

*Shall Mistress at this Rate go on,
To bilk me of my Lover ?
Must all my Dancing Days be done,
Because that her's are over ?
I'll cherish Love,
The Gods above
A gentle Nature gave him ;
Say what she can
Against the Man ;
She likes him herself, and I'll have him ;
I'll have him :
In Spight of the Devil I'll have him.*

SCENE VII. *PLEADWELL's Chambers.*

PLEADWELL *alone.*

Dull Law aside—It now is Time to see
How Love with *Pleadwell's* Temper can agree :
Law, as 'tis fix'd, an open Road we find,
On which, secure, we pilfer all Mankind :
While Love his Votaries no further aids,
Than breaking Vows and violating Maids.
Yet in both Courts (the Practice is not new)
We find that Perjury must bear us through !

A I R XX. *Blest as th' Immortal Gods is he.*

*In Love and Law we strive in vain,
By Merit, or by Right, to gain ;
Desert ne'er charm'd the Ears and Eyes,
Like Dancing Airs and flat'ring Lies.*

Nor

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*Nor can Right any Tenure bold,
Like false fram'd Oaths, and well tim'd Gold;
For which this Reason is assign'd,
That Love and Justice both are blind.*

SCENE VIII.

PLEADWELL MOLLY.

PLEADWELL.

Molly, my Love, Inspirer of my Mind,
I take this unexpected Visit kind.

MOLLY.

No I perceive your *Molly* is forgot,
You look'd not for it and you wish't it not ;
I know your Arts, perceive you wish'd to see
My Rival, who you have prefer'd to me.

PLEADWELL.

‘ Can you believe there is a Lass more fair,
‘ Blest with such Eyes and a Genteeler Air ;
‘ A Skin so soft and clear, and such a Shape,
‘ Would tempt a Hermit to commit a Rape ;
‘ To Love's Extrems drive Dr. *Codex* on,
‘ And make a very *Charteris* of Sir *John* ;
‘ Ev'n her your *Pleadwell* could unmov'd behold,
‘ Being only pleas'd his *Molly* to enfold.

MOLLY.

‘ Alas! you flattering Man, born to deceive,
‘ As I poor simple Wretch am to believe!
Oh *Sukey Ogle* has your Heart, I find
I am the easy Mistress and the Blind.

PLEADWELL.

Blind to yourself you are, and to those Charms
Which will for ever draw me to your Arms ;
You be despised for such a thing as her,
Sooner one Guinea I'd to ten prefer ;
Sooner refuse well paid a Bill to draw,
And quit for starving Poetry, the thriving Law ;
F Baffled

34 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

Baffled by *Booksellers* by *Players* bitt,
 Prove Fool by striving to be thought, a Wit,
 ' Sooner by all the Gods, I tell you true,
 ' I'd turn *Turk, Atheist, Hypocrite* or *Jew*.

A I R XXI. *Lynco found Damon lying,*

*Before I'll quit my Molly,
 The World shall alter quite;
 Great Men shall laugh at Folly,
 And Wrong give Place to Right:
 The Courtier fly a Pension,
 Merely on honest Views;
 Priests have the same Pretension
 To Virtue, as their Dues.*

II.

*When Honesty shall dish up,
 To serve the State, a Drudge;
 Religion make a Bishop,
 Or Learning make a Judge:
 When Measures are concerted,
 That all the World agree;
 When Nature's thus inverted,
 I may be false to thee,*

MOLLY.

You know the Art, be Passion ne'er so high,
 My Breast to Calm, my Rage to mollify.

A I R XXII. *My Maid Mary.*

PLEAD.

*Love invades me,
 And Hope perswades me;
 I am now possessing a Blessing, in you,
 Ob do not flatter so,
 Nor so much Fondness shew,
 I shall believe you I'm sure if you do;*

MOL.

PLEAD.

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PLEAD. *Such thrilling Pleasure my Bosom warms,*
MOL. *Love of its Reason my Soul disarms ;*
My Joys now will rise so high,
I in Excess shall die;
Then press me kindly to Death in your Arms,
Both repeat. *Such thrilling, &c.*

PLEADWELL. [*Knocking without.*
Bless me who knocks! — The Bed-Chamber is
there,
Thither go you, you know the Custom here.

MOLLY.
That by a Kiss, as Pledge I need not doubt,
When Client is dispatcht you'll fetch me out.

PLEADWELL.
I give the Surety Girl, and thank last Night,
Am well prepar'd to do my Bonds-man right.

SCENE IX.

PLEADWELL. SUKEY.

PLEADWELL.

Ha Sukey! —————

SULEY.

————— *Pleadwell*, Oh! ten thousand Charms,
Inspire my Breast when circled in your Arms;
' Oh! did you know what Hazards I have run,
' What Pains, what Hardships, I have undergone;
' You'd gladly mindful of the Cares I've bore,
' Assure my Heart such ne'er shall vex me more ;

PLEADWELL.

What shall I do? Here'll be a hopeful Rout,
When one fair Rival finds another out ;
And I'm assur'd tis past the Art of Man,
To keep 'em secret, Conjure as he can.

SUKEY.

What does my *Pleadwell* turn himself away ?
What not a Word, a single Word to say ?

36 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

For this have I been resolute and brave,
And try'd what Force our curst Indentures have;
' Even in spite of all our Bugbear Laws,
' Broke through each little Article and Clause;
' Nor ever try'd to keep my failures hid,
' Tho' Fornication is therein forbid;
Have I a fly dissembling Monster lov'd,
Have I to merit this Unkindness prov'd,
That Inclination has the Power to break,
The strongest Chain the feeble Law can make.

' PLEADWELL.

' Sukey I love you, nay I'll swear it too,
' By Heav'n and Earth, nay by yourself I do.

' SUKEY.

' Oaths are but words, and words but wind, but you,
' By your Unkindness prove yourself untrue;
' Else why this sudden sudden disrespect:
' I was in hopes instead of this neglect;
' T'have met you warm and doting on my Charms,
' T'have join'd our Lips, and clos'd you in my Arms.

PLEADWELL (*aside.*)

Confus'd about the sure approaching Fray,
I know not what to do nor what to say,

SUKEY.

Study no more devices to deceive,
I will have Proof before I will believe.

AIR XXIV. *Woe's my Heart that we should sunder.*

PLEAD. ' *What greater Proof can Mortal give*
' *That Love is in my Bosom seated;*
' *When ev'ry Moment that I live,*
' *Your Name is in my Mind repeated;*
' *When last I Pleaded at the Bar,*
' *The Court all laugh my Tongue unlucky;*
' *Cry'd to my Lord my Charming Fair,*
' *My Life my Soul is wrapt in Sukey.*

SUKEY

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SUKEY.

' I'll to the other Room, the Proof will be,
' In your Alacrity in following me. [Runs out.

PLEADWELL.

Zounds hold! Wounds! Blood! what have I been
about,
Thus Mischief Love and Murder all will out.

SCENE X.

PLEADWELL, SUKEY, MOLLY.

MOLLY.

Oh save me hide me.

SUKEY.

————— Oh the Saucy Jade.

PLEADWELL.

Come, Come, this Ill tim'd Rage must be allay'd.

SUKEY.

Let me come at the Slut.

MOLLY.

————— Oh hold her fast.

SUKEY.

'Tis all in vain, I'll have Revenge at last.

PLEADWELL.

Be patient *Sukey*.

SUKEY.

————— Who can patient be,
That is Abus'd, confus'd and Loves like me;
One Disappointment was not thought enough,
Madam must put me to a second Proof.

MOLLY.

Madam if I to speak may be so free,
I think this time you've disappointed me.

SUKEY

Detain me not, by all the Power of Hell,
She shan't so much as wish to bear the Bell.

AIR XXV. *Dutch Skipper.*

SUK. *My Spleen is rais'd, my Nature
Detests that odious Creature;
I hate her.*

And

38 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

- And will not brook her Stay,*
 MOL. *Put of this ill-tim'd Fury;*
It won't avail assure you;
Assure you;
I shall not budge to Day.
 SUK. *Unless this Place she flies,*
I'll tear out both her Eyes;
Hear this Minx then tremble and obey,
 MOL. *You would be absolute,*
But I your Power dispute;
And tell you, if you can you may.
 SUK. *And is she permitted to jest with a Rage,*
 MOL. *'Tis just as you see;*
I am frolick and free;
 SUK. *An ample Revenge shall my Passion assuage.*
 PLEAD. *Zounds why do you make such a Rout,*
 SUK. *I'll humble the Pride of the Slut if I live,*
 MOL. *You'll find it a difficult Task I believe;*
 PLEAD. *Then Prithee Girls fight it out.*

SCENE XI.

PLEADWEL, Mrs. PLAINSTITCH, SUKEY, MOLLY.
 PLAINSTITCH.

Where is this lovely, dear deluding Man,
 Fram'd to be false ingrate and to trepan;
 Bless me my Girls! — O Mischief on my Head,
 What have I poor unlucky Creature said!
 ' Gipsies, Oh Patience Heaven — how could you
 dare,
 ' In spight of all my Caution and my Care,
 ' To leave your Work neglected and appear,
 ' Like guilty Culprits — braving Justice here.

PLEADWELL.

Patience, this time your Aid I Justly call;
 For too much Woman's worse than none at all.

' PLAINSTITCH.

' Base Wretch remember fatal Yester-night
 ' You can't pretend to say you've done me right.

PLEAD-

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PLEADWELL (*to SUK. and MOL.*)

‘ Ladies, I think to serve our general Ends,
‘ We should forget our Feuds and all be Friends;
‘ As the three Kingdoms Cavil every Day,
‘ On which the Load of infamy to lay;
‘ Yet should a Foreign Army be in Sight,
‘ They’d all grow Friends and Cordially unite;
‘ So we should let offending Discord go,
‘ And join our Force against the Common Foe.

‘ PLAINSTITCH.

‘ How shall I stifle now my rising Phlegm,
‘ Are all, are all his Thoughts employ’d on them;
‘ Shall they such Chitty Jades so happy be,
‘ And can he not bestow one word on me;
‘ Hence from my Sight, avoid this wicked Room,
‘ Go you ungracious Minxes, get you home.

SCENE XII.

To them HUNKS.

PLEADWELL.

Silence, —————

HUNKS.

——— Sir, I’m a Man you’ll gladly see,
This Hand brings Bus’ness in it, this a Fee;
Peruse this Settlement direct you must,
Correct it finely and the whole adjust,

PLEADWELL,

‘ Sir I’ll do’t,

HUNKS.

——— ‘ Here the Instructions be,
‘ This and the Parson gives a Wife to me;
‘ I in return to make my *Plainstitch* great,
‘ Give with myself — a very good Estate,
Bless me what’s here to do — ha! do I live,
Do either Eyes or Spectacles deceive,
My Mistress here! I am struck Dumb with wonder,
False, fickle, cruel, handsome—S’blud and Thunder;
‘ Give

40 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

‘ Give me the Settlement again — I’m glad,

‘ I’ve found you out my Duck —

PLEADWELL.

————— Sir, are you mad?

HUNKS.

‘ Not quite so mad as she and you would make
me,

‘ Nor yet the fondling Fool for which you take me ;
Give me the Guinea back and let me go.

PLEADWELL.

That is a Thing indeed I never do ;
The Settlement take hence, Sir, if you please ;
But Custom bids me ne’er return our Fees.

HUNKS.

Give me the Fee ;

PLAINSTITCH.

Be pacify’d my Dear ----

HUNKS.

No, I’ll prevent the Horns from growing here :
What, the Estate I now too plainly see,
Mortgag’d to him, you’d sell outright to me ;
Were I to buy, ’tis greatly to be fear’d,
The curst Incumbrance never will be clear’d ;
‘ His Claim would fright me ev’ry Night and Mor-
ning,

‘ Left he Eject me at a Minute’s Warning ;
Besides as h’as been Planting, Plowing, Sowing,
Disputes may rise about the Crop that’s growing.

PLAINSTITCH.

‘ Help me, oh help me, all ye Powers out,
‘ Is then my Virtue fallen into Doubt ;
‘ This Rage becomes you not ;

HUNKS.

————— ‘ Aye you say true,

‘ It fits on me like Modesty on you.

PLAINSTITCH

Have I for this withstood the pert Toupee,
The gay Gallant the Airy and the free ;

‘ The

The Humours of Covent Garden. 41

- The Dancing Fop the Grave Wealth-getting
Cit,
- The Singing, Sighing Coxcomb and the Wit;
Have I, whilst Love has long in vain essay'd,
Liv'd Five and Fifty longing Years a Maid;
Baffled all Cupid's Wiles and Jugling Tricks,
And once said no, Sir, to a Coach and Six;
• And when on you, I'd only fix'd my Mind,
• To find you so remorseless, and unkind;
• Quite under-foot my Fame and Virtue trod,
• I like a Child could cry, who feels the Rod.

PLEADWELL.

For shame, Sir, to appease her Passion try,
Who can unmov'd behold a Lady cry?

HUNKS.

Aye, let her weep — the Crocodiles of *Nilus*,
Shed Tears to kill, and Coax us, to beguile us.

PLAINSTITCH.

- What shall I live, and let a Monster say,
- On him my Sighs and Tears are thrown away;
No, Sir, for this — tho' I your Love despise,
- Hold you quite loath'd as Poison to my Eyes:
• Tho' all you say or do can ne'er engage,
• Know that this Disrespect creates my Rage;
• And I have yet to grasp you left a Claw,
• I'll trounce you, Sir, I'll hamper you with Law;
• Witness I have of all that has been Spoken,
• I'll bring an Action, for your Contract broken;
• For Damages sustain'd, I'll make you rue,
• In *Doct'or's-Commons* play the Devil too.

HUNKS.

- Aye that will be the Devil.

PLAINSTITCH.

————— Did I care,

Plainly to make my Innocence appear;
My Girls can witness, 'twas to save my Fame,
That I to be suspected hither came.

G

SUKEY.

42 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

SUKEY.

Yes, Sir, my Mistress came, truth must be known
Our Wills to bar [and gratify her own.] [*Aside.*]

PLAINSTITCH.

What say you, Monster, now?

HUNKS.

—— Why now I find,
I am compell'd on one Side to be blind,
And must, to 'scape the Fury of her Tongue,
Submit because I am not in the Wrong.
Forgive me, Dearest.

PLAINSTITCH.

—— No, my injur'd Fame,
Demands Attonement.

HUNKS.

—— I have been to blame,
But on my Knees, as humble as I can;
I beg Forgiveness for a failing Man.

PLAINSTITCH.

' And do you think I'll let such Infamy,
' Pass quite forgotten and regardless by?

HUNKS.

' Oh don't repeat my failings, I'll agree,
' Do what you will I'll not the Error see;
' Do but consent to be my loving Wife,
' I'll be an humble Dotard all my Life;
If Promises can to my Int'rest Fee you,
I'll let the very *Templer* come and see you;
I'll prove ill-Fame is only made of Lies,
Nay, Horn me to my Face, I'll not believe my
Eyes.

PLEADWELL.

Dear Madam take your Lover to your Care,
think the Gentleman's Conditions fair.

PLAIN-

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PLAINSTITCH.

He knows my foolish Fondness well enough,
He knows I'm made of penetrable Stuff ;
' He knows my fond believing Love-sick Heart,
' Would burst with Grief, if he and I should part ;
If to a Reconcilement you encline,
On the Propos'd Conditions you are mine.

HUNKS.

' Give me your Hands, your Lips,

PLAINSTITCH.

—— ' Agreed,

HUNKS.

—— ' Content.

PLAINSTITCH.

' Dear Sir insert it in the Settlement.

SUKEY.

' They are agreed 'tis true, but I'm afraid,
' Our Peace will not so easily be made.

SCENE XIII.

PLEADWELL, HUNKS, TRIM *in a Barber's Dress*,
STAYTAPE *in a Taylor's Dress, with a Suit of*
Cloaths; Mrs. PLAINSTITCH, SUKEY, MOLLY.

TRIM.

Please to be shav'd Sir.

STAYTAPE.

—— Sir I've brought your Clothes.

MOLLY.

Bless me in Metamorphose both our Beaux.

TRIM.

Oh! ruin'd and undone.

STAYTAPE.

—— Quite blown, found out.

G 2

TRIM.

44 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

TRIM.

Disgrac'd,

STAYTAP.

----- Betray'd,

TRIM.

----- Nay Damn'd ;

PLEADWELL.

----- What means this Rout.

SUKEY.

Oh I shall burst ---- that Spark with Stockings
down,

In shabby Wig and torn distressed Gown ;
Threads round his neck, and Needles on his Sleeve,
Shoes down at Heels --- could you the Fact believe;
Addrest me very finely Yesterday,
Drest in the Mode look'd like a Courtier gay :
Unmeaningly as any Parrot talk'd,
Like a *French* Dancer shambled as he walk'd,
And would as many pretty fancies shew you,
As Gallant *Dapper Pug* or fav'rite *Chloe*.

STAYTAP.

' Aye ----

' I see it plain, 'tis an apparent Case,

' I am irrevocably in Disgrace.

MOLLY.

Where is the Gay, engaging, Shanty Mien,
Are all our Graces banish'd quite and clean ;
No Similes to make of better Stuff,
Than the fine Wash-Ball and the Powder-Puff.

PLEADWELL.

Ladies I think this Treatment is not fair,
Upon my Honour you are too severe ;
Your Rage and ill-tim'd Spleen no further carry,
They're Husbands for you both, take up and Marry.

SUKEY.

' Oh hideous.

PLEADWELL.

----- ' Why ?

MOLLY.

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MOLLY.

Abominable!

SUKEY.

Fye.

PLEADWELL.

' Come Come, 'tis indiscreet to be so shy.

SUKEY.

What Breast like mine, a Thought so mean can
harbour,
I with a Taylor Marry !

MOLLY.

I a Barber !

PLEADWELL.

Pshaw, they are Gentlemen, I know them both,
Of what I say, I'll freely take my Oath ;
Men of Estates. but imitating *Jove*,
Knew you were here and chang'd their Shapes for love,
Good *Squires* give me your Hands

TRIM.

Hey dey, hey hoe !

STAYTAPE

Hah what new Project's on the Anvil now!

BOTH.

Good dear Sir tell us what you are about,

PLEADWELL.

Be wise and confidently bear all out.
As I have said, do you pretend to be,
Men of Estate and Eminent Degree ;
I know their Pride they can't that Bate deny,
Gold makes more tender Maids than Love comply;
So shall you gain what you've so long desir'd,
And I be quit of that with which I'm tir'd. *Aside.*

STAYTAPE.

Like Scarlet Cloth your Rosy Cheek appears,
Your Wit is sharper than a pair of Sheers ;
Such Flames to my poor Heart your Eyes send in,
They warm it like a Glass of *Holland's Gin* :

Your

46 *The RIVAL MILLINERS : Or,*

Your Bosom whiter than a Parson's Band,
Softer than Bees-wax in the Sun your Hand ;
Your Body neat with Bone and *Buckram* bar'd,
By far is streighter than a *Taylor's* Yard ;
Whence wanton Love has let his Power loose
Which burns and presses on me like a Goose.

SUKEY.

Fool, Ideot, Coxcomb —

TRIM.

————— *Molly* do not Fly,
Stay and behold me, if I'm doom'd to die.

PLEADWELL,

'Sdeath are you Fools — Marry at once and be,
From Scandal, Mistress, and Indentures free ;
Besides they've Lands I say — the Lord knows where,
Houses well built, and Castles in the Air. [*Aside.*

SUKEY.

Well you have laid such Noble Reasons down,
I must in spite of Pride my Passion own.

MOLLY.

And I indeed begin my Pride to see,
He has and Love work'd Miracles on me ;

TRIM.

' Shall I believe my Happiness or no.

STAYTAPE.

' My Joy like a Spring Tide begins to flow,
' And if my *Sukey* don't receive her part,
' It will break down the Flood-gates of my Heart.

PLEADWELL.

Each of his Fair, long Courted now posselt,
Thinks in himself he is compleatly Blest ;
While I more gaiety of Life to see,
Imagine I am blest in being free ;
But if Domestick Discords should arise,
Obnoxious to yourselves and Families,
Hope that some Comfort may attend your Lives,
For now and then I'll Visit all your Wives.

A I R

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A I R XXVI. *You Mad Caps of England.*

I.

PLEAD. *The Stage turn'd to Farce by the Wits is
decry'd,
But the Town are the Jury by which we'll
be try'd ;
And by that the whole World is with rea-
son confest,
To be nothing but Folly and Farce at the
best.*

Farce all.

II.

PLAIN. *The Court is a Farce where we frequently
see,
The Bishop and Atheist shake Hands and a-
gree ;
Where you hear a grave Lord very seriously
call,
A Miss Maid of Honour, who's no Maid
at all.*

Maids all.

III.

TRIM. *The Law is a Farce full of Bus'ness and
Trouble,
A Fund of Vexation, a Westminster Bubble;
Where while the Scene lasts, Knaves fall
out for a Fee,
When its over are Friends like my Molly
and me.*

Knaves all.

IV.

MOLLY. *Lawn Sleeves upon Honest Men's Arms
are so scarce,
The Lay think the Priests make Religion a
Farce ;
Where they Preach up firm Doctrines to
credulous Elves,
But make Applications alone for themselves.*

Cheats all.

V. TRIM.

48 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

V.

TRIM. *That Love is a Farce won't admit of a Doubt.*

For after fond sighing and making a rout;

The Nymph blames her Spark for his Swearing and Lies,

When to Pleasure herself she so kindly complies.

Frail all.

VI.

MOLLY. *But when Marriage dull Marriage the Carpet comes on,*

I'm greatly afraid that the Farce will be done,

For that is an Act which too often does prove,

The Catastrophe dreadful of Farces and Love.

Fools all.

VII.

PLEAD. *Our Parts are all over yet yours still remain,
To damn or release us at once from our pain:*

With the Poet I'm Counsel, so pleading his Cause,

I move the Court humbly to give us applause.

Clap all.

F I N I S.

4 AP 54

